

# **ATTACHMENT 1**

Presented to the Court by the foreman of the  
Grand Jury in open Court, in the presence of  
the Grand Jury and FILED in The U.S.  
DISTRICT COURT at Seattle, Washington.

MARCH 26 2008  
BRUCE RIFKIN, Clerk  
By [Signature] Deputy

08-CR-00091-INDI

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON  
AT SEATTLE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

v.

WAYNE TREVOR ALEXANDER COATES

Defendant.

CR08 0091 RSL

INDICTMENT

The Grand Jury charges that:

COUNT 1

(Conspiracy to Distribute MDMA)

Beginning at a time unknown but within the past five years and continuing through  
March 6, 2008, in Seattle within the Western District of Washington, and elsewhere,  
WAYNE TREVOR ALEXANDER COATES and others, known and unknown,  
knowingly and intentionally did conspire to distribute  
3,4- Methylendioxyamphetamine, also known as MDMA or Ecstasy, a substance  
controlled under Schedule I, Title 21, United States Code, Section 812.

All in violation of Title 21, United States Code, Sections 841(a)(1), 841(b)(1)(C)  
and Section 846.

//

INDICTMENT/  
COATES - 1

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY  
700 Stewart Street, Suite 5220  
Seattle, Washington 98101-1271  
(206) 553-7970

**COUNT 2**

**(Possession with the Intent to Distribute MDMA)**

On or about March 6, 2008, in Seattle within the Western District of Washington and elsewhere, WAYNE TREVOR ALEXANDER COATES knowingly and intentionally did possess with the intent to distribute 3,4- Methylendioxyamphetamine, also known as MDMA or Ecstasy, a substance controlled under Schedule I, Title 21, United States Code, Section 812.

All in violation of Title 21, United States Code, Sections 841(a)(1) and 841(b)(1)(C).

**COUNT 3**

**(Importation of MDMA)**

On or about March 5 and 6, 2008, at Seattle, within the Western District of Washington and elsewhere, WAYNE TREVOR ALEXANDER COATES did import, and did aid and abet the importation of, from a place outside the United States, to wit, Canada, to a place inside the United States, to wit, King County,

//

//

1 3,4- Methylendioxyamphetamine, also known as MDMA or Ecstasy, a substance  
2 controlled under Schedule I, Title 21, United States Code, Section 812.


3 All in violation of Title 21, United States Code, Sections 952(a), 960(a)(1) and  
4 (b)(3) and Title 18, United States Code, Section 2.


5 A TRUE BILL:

6 DATED: 3/26/08

7 Signature Redacted pursuant to Policy of  
8 Ninth Circuit Judicial Conference

9 FOREPERSON

10  
11   
12  
13 JEFFREY C. SULLIVAN  
14 United States Attorney

15   
16 DOUGLAS B. WHALLEY  
17 Assistant United States Attorney

18   
19 SUSAN M. ROE  
20 Assistant United States Attorney

Presented to the Court by the foreman of the  
Grand Jury in open Court, in the presence of  
the Grand Jury and FILED in The U.S.  
DISTRICT COURT at Seattle, Washington.

July 10 2008  
BRUCE RIFKIN, Clerk  
By [Signature] Deputy

08-CR-00244-INDI

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON  
AT SEATTLE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

v.

JAMES GREGORY CAMERON,  
ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO, and  
LUCRETIA JAMES,

Defendants.

CR08 NO. 0244 RSL  
INDICTMENT

The Grand Jury charges that:

COUNT 1

(Conspiracy to Distribute Controlled Substances)

Beginning at a time unknown but within the past five years and continuing through  
March 10, 2008, in Seattle within the Western District of Washington, and elsewhere,  
JAMES GREGORY CAMERON, ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO, LUCRETIA  
JAMES and others, known and unknown, knowingly and intentionally did conspire to  
distribute controlled substances, including 3,4- Methylenedioxymethamphetamine, also  
known as MDMA or Ecstasy, a substance controlled under Schedule I, Title 21,  
United States Code, Section 812 and cocaine, a substance controlled under Schedule II,  
Title 21, United States Code, Section 812.

It is further alleged that this offense involves five kilograms or more of a  
mixture or substance containing a detectable amount of cocaine.

1 All in violation of Title 21, United States Code, Sections 841(a)(1), 841(b)(1)(A)  
2 and Section 846.

3  
4 **COUNT 2**

5 **(Conspiracy to Possess with the Intent to Distribute Controlled Substances)**

6 Beginning at a time unknown but within the past five years and continuing through  
7 March 10, 2008, in Seattle within the Western District of Washington, and elsewhere,  
8 JAMES GREGORY CAMERON, ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO, LUCRETIA  
9 JAMES and others, known and unknown, knowingly and intentionally did conspire to  
10 possess with the intent to distribute controlled substances, including 3,4-  
11 Methylenedioxymethamphetamine, also known as MDMA or Ecstasy, a substance  
12 controlled under Schedule I, Title 21, United States Code, Section 812 and cocaine, a  
13 substance controlled under Schedule II, Title 21, United States Code, Section 812.

14 It is further alleged that this offense involves five kilograms or more of a mixture  
15 or substance containing a detectable amount of cocaine.

16 All in violation of Title 21, United States Code, Sections 841(a)(1), 841(b)(1)(A)  
17 and 846.

18 **COUNT 3**

19 **(Importation of MDMA)**

20 On or about March 5 and 6, 2008, at Seattle, within the Western District of  
21 Washington and elsewhere, JAMES GREGORY CAMERON, ADAM CHRISTIAN J.  
22 SERRANO, LUCRETIA JAMES and others did import, and did aid and abet the  
23 importation of, from a place outside the United States, to wit, Canada, to a place inside  
24 the United States, to wit, King County, 3,4- Methylenedioxymethamphetamine, also  
25 known as MDMA or Ecstasy, a substance controlled under Schedule I, Title 21,  
26 United States Code, Section 812.

27 //

28 //


1 All in violation of Title 21, United States Code, Sections 952(a), 960(a)(1) and  
2 (b)(3) and Title 18, United States Code, Section 2.

3 A TRUE BILL:

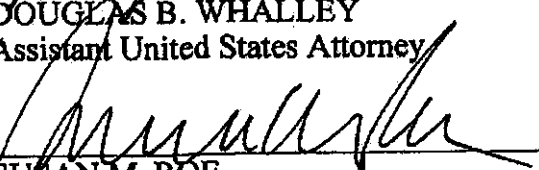
4 DATED:

5 Signature of Foreperson Redacted Pursuant to  
6 Policy of Ninth Circuit Judicial Conference

7 FOREPERSON  
8

9  
10  for  
11 JEFFREY C. SULLIVAN  
12 United States Attorney

13   
14 DOUGLAS B. WHALLEY  
15 Assistant United States Attorney

16   
17 SUSAN M. ROE  
18 Assistant United States Attorney  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28

Presented to the Court by the foreman of the  
Grand Jury in open Court, in the presence of  
the Grand Jury and FILED in The U.S.  
DISTRICT COURT at Seattle, Washington.

MARCH 26 2009

BRUCE RIFKIN, Clerk

By  Deputy

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT  
WESTERN DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON  
AT SEATTLE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

v.

ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO,  
JAMES GREGORY CAMERON and  
JEREMY SNOW,

Defendants.

CR08-244RSL

SUPERSEDING  
INDICTMENT

08-CR-00244-INDI

The Grand Jury charges that:

**COUNT 1**

**(Conspiracy to Possess with the Intent to Distribute Controlled Substances)**

Beginning at a time unknown but within the past five years and continuing through  
March 13, 2009, in Seattle within the Western District of Washington, and elsewhere,  
ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO, JAMES GREGORY CAMERON, JEREMY  
SNOW and others, known and unknown, knowingly and intentionally did conspire to  
possess with the intent to distribute controlled substances, including marijuana, a  
substance controlled under Schedule I, Title 21, Schedule I; 3,4-  
Methylenedioxymethamphetamine, also known as MDMA or Ecstasy, a substance  
controlled under Schedule I, Title 21, United States Code, Section 812; and cocaine, a  
substance controlled under Schedule II, Title 21, United States Code, Section 812.

**Manner and Means of the Conspiracy**

It was part of the conspiracy that non-commercial helicopters were flown from Canada across the international border into Northwestern United States to deliver marijuana and 3,4- Methylenedioxymethamphetamine (MDMA) for distribution in the United States.

It was part of the conspiracy that those helicopters delivered the controlled substances from Canada to coconspirators who waited in the United States to receive the loads for distribution in the United States.

It was part of the conspiracy that coconspirators picked up loads of cocaine in the Southwestern United States and drove vehicles with the cocaine to designated helicopter landing sites in the United States near the international border.

It was part of the conspiracy that coconspirators loaded the cocaine onto the helicopters and pilots flew the helicopters back into Canada with cocaine for distribution in that country.

**Overt Acts of the Conspiracy**

In furtherance of the conspiracy, ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO, JAMES GREGORY CAMERON, JEREMY SNOW and others, known and unknown, performed one or more of the following overt acts, including but not limited to:

1. Canadian coconspirators purchased a helicopter from a Texas company for \$900,000 and sent a pilot to take delivery of the helicopter in Texas. In November 2007, the pilot flew the helicopter to coconspirators in Malakwa, British Columbia, Canada.

2. In January 2008, JAMES GREGORY CAMERON and ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO communicated, using Blackberry devices, about a possible sale of thousands of MDMA pills.

3. On January 14, 2008, ADAM CHRISTIAN J. SERRANO talked about his ability to deliver thousands of MDMA pills at a time, to deliver British Columbia marijuana in the United States, and said the he and his coconspirators paid \$14,000 per kilogram for cocaine which they smuggled to Canada on a weekly basis. SERRANO

1 estimated that he and his coconspirators smuggled as many as 300 kilograms of cocaine a  
2 week from the United States into Canada.

3 4. On or about March 5, 2008, coconspirators, including Samuel Lindsay-Brown,  
4 loaded a helicopter in Canada with approximately 200,000 MDMA pills. A coconspirator  
5 flew the helicopter into Washington State and delivered the MDMA pills.

6 5. On March 6, 2008, two coconspirators, Wayne Coates and Lucretia James,  
7 possessed the approximately 200,000 MDMA pills in Tukwila, Washington, prior to an  
8 attempt to distribution the pills to another.

9 6. On March 8, 2008, coconspirators possessed a shipment of cocaine in the  
10 Southwestern United States. One coconspirator, Lucretia James, began driving to  
11 Washington State with 72 kilograms of the cocaine, until her car was stopped in Northern  
12 California and the cocaine was seized by law enforcement.

13 7. On February 21, 2009, two coconspirators, Ross Legge and Leonard Ferris,  
14 drove a car in Utah on their way to deliver cocaine to a helicopter in Washington State.  
15 They possessed 83 kilograms of cocaine, intended for distribution in Canada, in the car.  
16 Legge and Ferris were stopped by a Utah State Patrol Trooper and the cocaine was seized.

17 8. On February 23, 2009, a helicopter piloted by Samuel Lindsey Brown flew  
18 from Canada into Washington State. He had a load of 420 pounds of marijuana to deliver  
19 and intended to pick up the 83 kilograms cocaine which had been seized.

20 9. Following this helicopter trip, coconspirators communicated using Blackberry  
21 devices about the lost cocaine, the arrests and their future plans.

22 10. On February 28, 2009, a coconspirator possessed a shipment of 20 kilograms  
23 of cocaine in the Southwestern United States. The coconspirator delivered the shipment  
24 to another for delivery to a helicopter in Northern Idaho.

25 11. On March 5, 2009, a helicopter piloted by coconspirator Jeremy Snow flew  
26 from Canada into Northern Idaho. That day he intended to deliver approximately 325  
27 pounds of marijuana as well as approximately 40,000 MDMA pills and to pick up the 20  
28 kilograms of cocaine which had been seized.

1 It is further alleged that this offense involves 100 kilograms or more of a mixture  
2 or substance containing a detectable amount of marijuana.

3 It is further alleged that this offense involves five kilograms or more of a mixture  
4 or substance containing a detectable amount of cocaine.

5 All in violation of Title 21, United States Code, Sections 841(a)(1), 841(b)(1)(A)  
6 and Section 846.

7 A TRUE BILL:

8 DATED: 3/26/09

9 Signature of Foreperson Redacted Pursuant to  
10 Policy of Ninth Circuit Judicial Conference

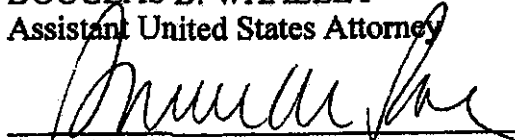
11 FOREPERSON

12  
13  
14 

15 JEFFREY C. SULLIVAN  
16 United States Attorney

17 

18 DOUGLAS B. WHALLEY  
19 Assistant United States Attorney

20 

21 SUSAN M. ROE  
22 Assistant United States Attorney

# **ATTACHMENT 2**

**Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)**

---

**From:** Andrew Culbert [Andrew.Culbert@CBC.CA]  
**Sent:** Tuesday, September 15, 2009 1:50 PM  
**To:** Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)  
**Subject:** RE: thank you/another request

Hi Emily,

For us, there are still unanswered questions about what happened to Sam Brown. There is a certain public interest in understanding the reasons why a bright, young man would choose the path he did. One main reason for that flight was to provide financial assistance to Lucretia James.

So it is relevant to know more about her situation, their connection, and her role in Sam's situation overall.

I look forward to hearing from you,

Andrew

>>> "Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)" <Emily.Langlie@usdoj.gov> 9/15/2009 1:02 PM >>>

Andrew -- the sealed signature page is likely that page of the indictment that contains the name and signature of the foreman of the grand jury and will not be unsealed -- the names of grand jurors are confidential and thus sealed. It would be of no value to you anyway. I will double check, but I am reasonably certain we will oppose the unsealing of both the plea agreement and the sentencing memo.

Perhaps you could expand on your "what lead to Sam Browns arrest?"

question-- what are you hoping to find in these sealed documents? He was arrested flying drugs into the US -- what hidden info do you think is contained in these documents? Perhaps if you tell me what you are looking for, we can tell you whether anything in them has any relevance.

Emily Langlie  
Public Affairs Officer  
United States Attorney's Office  
Western District of Washington  
(206) 553-4110

-----Original Message-----

**From:** Andrew Culbert [mailto:Andrew.Culbert@CBC.CA]  
**Sent:** Tuesday, September 15, 2009 9:51 AM  
**To:** Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)  
**Subject:** thank you/another request

Hi Emily,

Thank you for the interview last week. Everything ran smoothly from our end.

In our ongoing research into the life and death of Sam Brown, we want to attempt to unseal some court documents in Jeffrey Sullivan's district. Before we go before the court though, I want to ask him directly if he will look at the following court documents and consider unsealing them.

Our goal here is not to compromise anyone's safety, nor do we want to reveal techniques or secrets used by law enforcement. We want to gather as much information as possible about what led to Sam Brown's arrest.

And if this information ought to be public domain, then we want to make that happen.

Here are the specifics:

Defendant Lucretia James

Judge Robert S. Lasnik

7/10/2009 sealed signature page

11/04/2008 sealed plea agreement

2/10/2009 sentencing memorandum

CRIMINAL DOCKET FOR CASE #: 2:08-cr-00244-RSL-3

Thank you Emily, and I look forward to hearing from you soon,

Andrew Culbert  
Associate Producer  
CBC TV- the fifth estate  
[andrew\\_culbert@cbc.ca](mailto:andrew_culbert@cbc.ca)  
ph: 416-205-6679  
fax: 416-205-6668  
205 Wellington Street West  
Toronto, Ontario  
M5V 3G7  
Canada

**Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)**

---

**From:** Andrew Culbert [Andrew.Culbert@CBC.CA]  
**Sent:** Friday, September 18, 2009 9:36 AM  
**To:** Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)  
**Subject:** RE: hello

Hi Emily,

Thank you very much to you and Ms. Roe for going through this for us. However, there may be references in those documents to people and circumstances which will allow our research to connect the dots. So, we've decided the best route is to proceed with the effort to unseal.

Andrew Culbert  
Associate Producer  
CBC TV- the fifth estate  
[andrew\\_culbert@cbc.ca](mailto:andrew_culbert@cbc.ca)  
ph: 416-205-6679  
fax: 416-205-6668  
205 Wellington Street West  
Toronto, Ontario  
M5V 3G7  
Canada

>>> "Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)" <[Emily.Langlie@usdoj.gov](mailto:Emily.Langlie@usdoj.gov)> 9/17/2009 7:35 PM >>>

Andrew -- I asked Susan Roe to review the two filings you referenced: the plea agreement and the sentencing memo for Lucretia James. Following her review we continue to oppose unsealing these documents. Ms. Roe informs me that there is no reference in any of the documents to Mr. Lindsey-Brown or anyone believed to be Mr. Lindsey-Brown. Further there is no reference to any relationship between Mr. Lindsey-Brown and Ms. James. These documents will not answer these questions that you sent to me: "her situation, their connection, and her role in Sam's situation overall."

Emily Langlie  
Public Affairs Officer  
United States Attorney's Office  
Western District of Washington  
(206) 553-4110

-----Original Message-----

From: Andrew Culbert [mailto:[Andrew.Culbert@CBC.CA](mailto:Andrew.Culbert@CBC.CA)]  
Sent: Thursday, September 17, 2009 10:13 AM  
To: Langlie, Emily (USAWAW)  
Subject: hello

Hi Emily,

I hope all is well. Can you give me a sense of when you'll let me know about the Lucretia James files?

Thanks,  
Andrew

# **ATTACHMENT 3**

Advertisement



**Washington \$39 Auto Insurance?**  
 Insure Your Auto For Cheapest Rate  
 From Top Companies (Submit Zip)



**WARNING - Acai Side Effects**  
 In Our Shocking Report We Investigate Acai Side Effects



## Few hurdles for Canada smugglers to get choppers

By Gene Johnson, Associated Press Writer

MALAKWA, British Columbia — Colin Martin was on bail, appealing his sentence for leading a U.S.-Canada drug conspiracy involving aircraft. But he was still able to obtain three helicopters, two of which ended up being flown by drug smugglers.

His case illustrates the remarkable ease with which smugglers have obtained flight training and helicopters as they grab a share of Canada's sprawling, multibillion-dollar trade in marijuana, cocaine and MDMA, or Ecstasy.

Of about 10 pilots arrested in roundups of British Columbia-based helicopter smuggling operations this decade, at least half had recently trained at flight schools, sometimes dropping out once they knew just enough to handle the machine, an Associated Press review found.

Flight school operators say they don't check a student's background or monitor what students do on their own time, though they generally do ask why a student wants to become a pilot. Several said they don't want to train smugglers, but they also don't want to turn away business simply because a prospective student might be heavily tattooed or pay in cash.

"I don't think there's anything we can do," said Chinook Helicopters owner Cathy Press, who has seen several former students arrested for smuggling. "If you went and thought everyone was drug-running, you could tell the police, but maybe you're wrong — and that's not great for business."

Even if her suspicions were correct, she added, "They might put someone in jail, but someone else will step forward, so why get in the middle of it?"

A clean criminal record is not a prerequisite for a pilot's license, said Rod Nelson, a spokesman for Transport Canada, the government agency that oversees the aviation industry. Nor do Canadian officials ask students to disclose previous convictions. They do ask about any substance abuse in an applicant's past.

The U.S. Federal Aviation Administration takes a similar approach, asking flight students to disclose previous convictions and requiring background checks only of foreign students, spokesman Paul Turk said.

Sam Lindsay-Brown was a clean-cut, friendly 23-year-old when he showed up at Chinook Helicopters to begin flight training in December 2007. He was also a drug smuggler. And for almost a year after Canadian police began investigating him, he remained enrolled, essentially working his way through flight school as a co-pilot on cross-border drug flights.

Open Now

**The Orange Savings Account**

**High Interest.**

**ING DIRECT**  
 Save your money

Member FDIC

U.S. agents arrested Brown in February as he put his training to use by making a 426-pound marijuana drop in northeastern Washington state with one of Martin's leased helicopters. He committed suicide in jail four days later.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Transport Canada note that they can't bar people from studying as a pilot or obtaining a license without proof of criminal activity.

"The guy's 20-some-odd years of age, and he's gaining qualifications that can be used for a lawful purpose," said RCMP Cpl. Dan Moskaluk. "It's a tragedy that he chose to get involved in this line of business, instead of pursuing the lawful side of the skills he was acquiring."

The RCMP declined to say whether agents were aware he had been enrolled at flight school. They had been investigating him since spring 2008, after a woman he hired to transport 200,000 tabs of Ecstasy was arrested in California and gave his name to police.

RCMP spokesman Norm Massie said the agency had no record of Brown making prior smuggling flights, but two coconspirators confirmed to the AP that Brown had made several as a co-pilot, meaning he would be paid at least \$5,000 to help load and unload contraband and keep an eye out for trouble.

The coconspirators spoke on the condition of anonymity because of their own involvement in criminal activity and fear that they could face repercussions from other drug traffickers for speaking with a reporter.

Massie declined to discuss what steps the RCMP takes to monitor flight schools, but said the agency knows that some traffickers get training there.

"We would be remiss not to include that in our investigative techniques," Massie said.

Martin, 37, was sentenced in 2007 in Canada to 2½ years in prison for leading a major drug-smuggling operation in the 1990s, one that started using an airplane after ground couriers were caught.

He said he became involved in drug trafficking about 16 years ago and remains well connected in the smuggling world, though he declined to discuss specifics; he was arrested but has not been charged in Lindsay-Brown's case. In interviews with the AP, he estimated that as many as 30 pilots across Canada make drug-smuggling flights at least occasionally.

Someone looking to hire a pilot can put the word out via Blackberry and hear from pilots as far away as Quebec or Australia by the end of the day, Martin said.

In dozens of interviews with smugglers, pilots, lawyers, Canadian and U.S. authorities, and operators of flight schools and helicopter companies, a snapshot of the highly specialized profession emerged.

Some drug-running pilots are highly experienced. Some do it full-time, and some do it on the side when legitimate business gets slow or unexpected expenses such as helicopter damage leave them struggling to pay the bills. Some enjoy the rush. Some have a thing for getting America high. They all like the money.

One, Shane Menzel, told a federal judge in Seattle that he turned to smuggling because it was so hard to find work as an inexperienced pilot. Many "low-time" pilots must work for years washing helicopters and cleaning out hangars before they get a real flying job.

People familiar with British Columbia's marijuana trade have estimated that anywhere from 30,000 to more than 80,000 pounds of pot per month is smuggled into the United States.

It's a huge business, infusing billions of dollars a year into the province's economy. The province's most prominent gangs -- the Hells Angels, the United Nations, the Independent Soldiers -- are believed to own most of the drugs moved across the border, but to avoid heat they leave the shipping to others.

Air transport is generally considered the best way to exploit the vast, unpopulated terrain along the border.

Planes can fly faster and farther than helicopters, but need airstrips. Helicopters can skim treetops -- flying as close as three feet -- to avoid radar detection. They can dart through low mountain passes or river valleys and land at a remote clearing or even a wide spot in a logging road, where they're met by GPS-equipped drivers. They're back across the Canadian border in minutes.

Often, no cash crosses the border, because it might be seized or difficult to exchange, Martin said.

Instead, whoever moves the marijuana or Ecstasy south gives the profit to a U.S.-based cocaine trafficker. That trafficker instructs a contact north of the border to pay the Canada-based owner of the marijuana or Ecstasy.

The cocaine trafficker then takes the proceeds from the marijuana to buy cocaine to be shipped north into Canada, where the transaction happens again in reverse.

A helicopter smuggling operation charges about \$350-\$550 per pound to fly marijuana south of the border, and \$1,500-\$1,800 per kilogram to bring cocaine back.

Such an operation, of course, needs helicopters. In Canada, it is difficult to lease a helicopter without an operating certificate, a Transport Canada document that allows someone to use a helicopter for commercial purposes. Such a document is a sign of legitimacy to leasing companies, who typically want to know what their machines are being used for.

But there are ways around that hurdle.

Many smugglers instead simply buy helicopters, registering them to "numbered" companies -- 123456789 Ltd., for example. There are 90 helicopters registered for private use to such companies across Canada, Transport Canada records show.

In other cases, smugglers have paid third parties to register the machines for them, or they're not registered at all. One unregistered helicopter with the tail mark C-FTCH has been used in smuggling runs and recently was parked deep in the woods near Cranbrook, in the mountains of southeastern British Columbia, three people with knowledge of the machine told the AP.

Martin bought the first helicopter he acquired in 2007, sight-unseen, for \$925,000 from an owner in Texas. No conditions of his bail prohibited him from possessing aircraft. Massie declined to discuss Martin's case, but said generally: "Should those conditions be in place? Absolutely."

The helicopter was eventually repossessed when he couldn't afford more than \$1 million in repairs. Meanwhile, Martin tried to lease another helicopter through Gorge Timber, a company registered in his wife's name. The helicopter was a Eurocopter EC-120 put up for lease by a British Columbia company called Vertical Solutions, run by Kevin McCart. Martin said he didn't think he'd be able to get the lease without an operating certificate, but a Calgary city police aircraft engineer, Greg Solar, who had helped him repair his first chopper, had a connection.

"I thought, 'We're a little company, we don't have the best books,'" Martin said. "And all of a sudden Greg's saying, 'I know Kevin McCart. I'll put in a good word for you guys.'"

Solar and McCart declined to speak with the AP, but Martin said he leased the EC-120 for \$30,000 U.S. a month, including insurance and maintenance. He had it for about nine months, until last fall, when the owner took it back because uninsured pilots had been flying it. The helicopter was used in cross-border drug flights, Lindsay-Brown's coconspirators told the AP.

Early this year, Martin used Gorge to lease another machine -- the Bell 206 Jet Ranger that Lindsay-Brown was arrested in -- from Eagle Copters of Calgary, one of Canada's most prominent helicopter companies.

Mike O'Reilly, Eagle's president, did not return repeated calls from the AP.

"Sure, I have a past, but those charges were a decade ago," Martin said. "If you have the money and you want to get into a helicopter business, you can -- doesn't matter who that individual is."

On Feb. 23, the day of his arrest, Sam Lindsay-Brown climbed into the Jet Ranger at Martin's shop and flew it to a snowy

clearing outside Lone, Wash. He was to drop off 426 pounds of marijuana and pick up 83 kilos of cocaine, authorities said.

But the driver he was meeting, Len Ferris, had been arrested in Utah with the cocaine. For more than a day, Ferris did not return Blackberry messages from Sean Doak, a recently paroled drug trafficker who was his contact on the Canadian side of the border, Martin said he later learned from Adam Serrano, another man arrested in the case.

That was a clear sign of trouble, but Doak never told Lindsay-Brown about it, and Lindsay-Brown had no clue he was flying into a set-up, Martin said.

U.S. agents greeted him with guns drawn.

Martin reported the helicopter stolen. The DEA said it didn't believe him and returned the machine to Eagle Copters.

The following week, another pilot flew down to meet Ferris — with predictable results. This time, it was Jeremy Snow, who recently had done flight training at Okanagan Mountain Helicopters in Kelowna. He was arrested as he landed in Idaho, pleaded guilty in U.S. District Court in Seattle and is expected to face four years in prison.

*Copyright 2009 The Associated Press. All rights reserved. This material may not be published, broadcast, rewritten or redistributed.*

**Find this article at:**

[http://www.usatoday.com/sports/olympics/2009-07-31-3319569088\\_x.htm](http://www.usatoday.com/sports/olympics/2009-07-31-3319569088_x.htm)

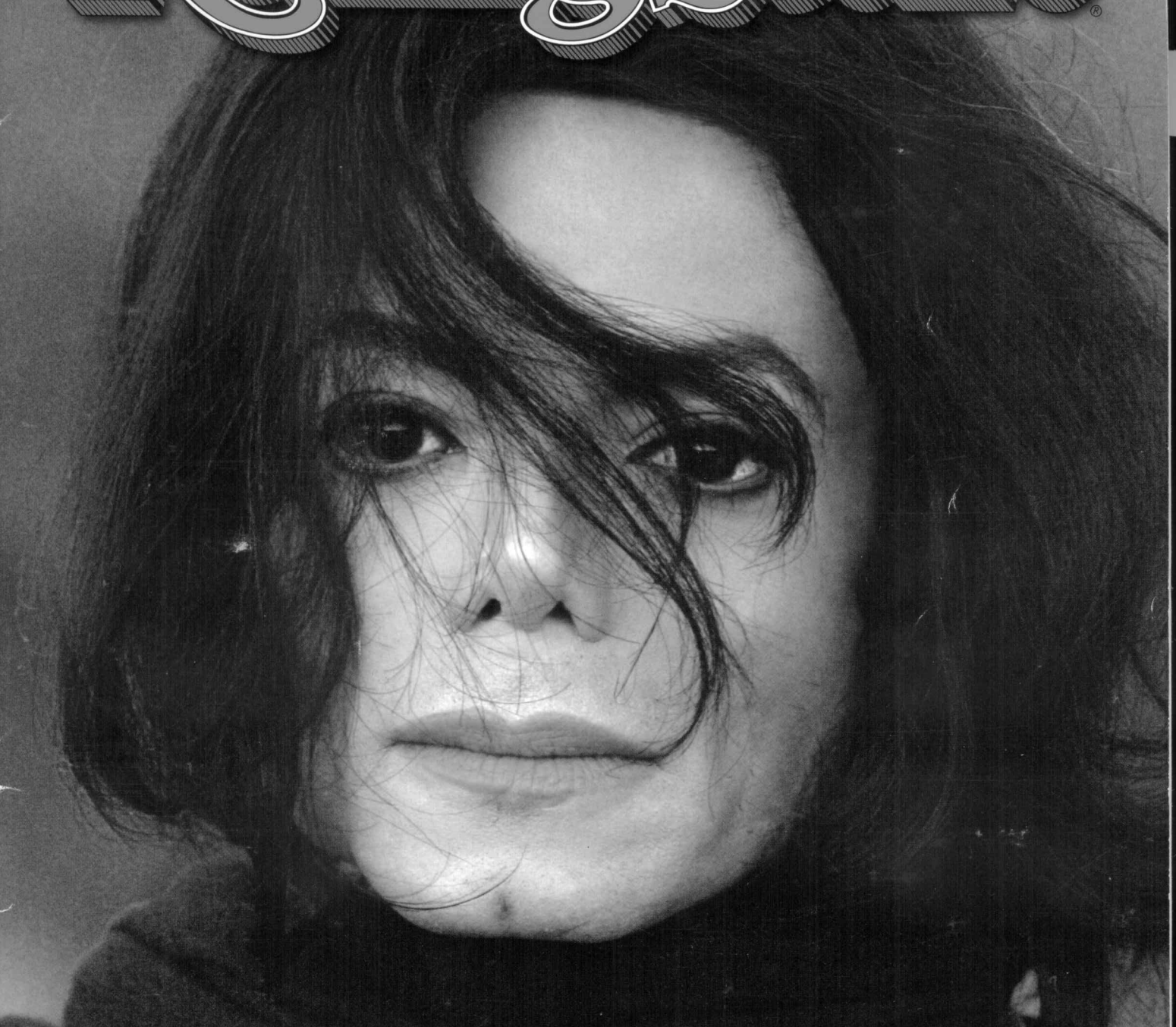
☐ Check the box to include the list of links referenced in the article.

Copyright 2009 USA TODAY, a division of Gannett Co. Inc.

**ROB THOMAS | WOODSTOCK REISSUES | CRAZY ATHLETES**

# Rolling Stone

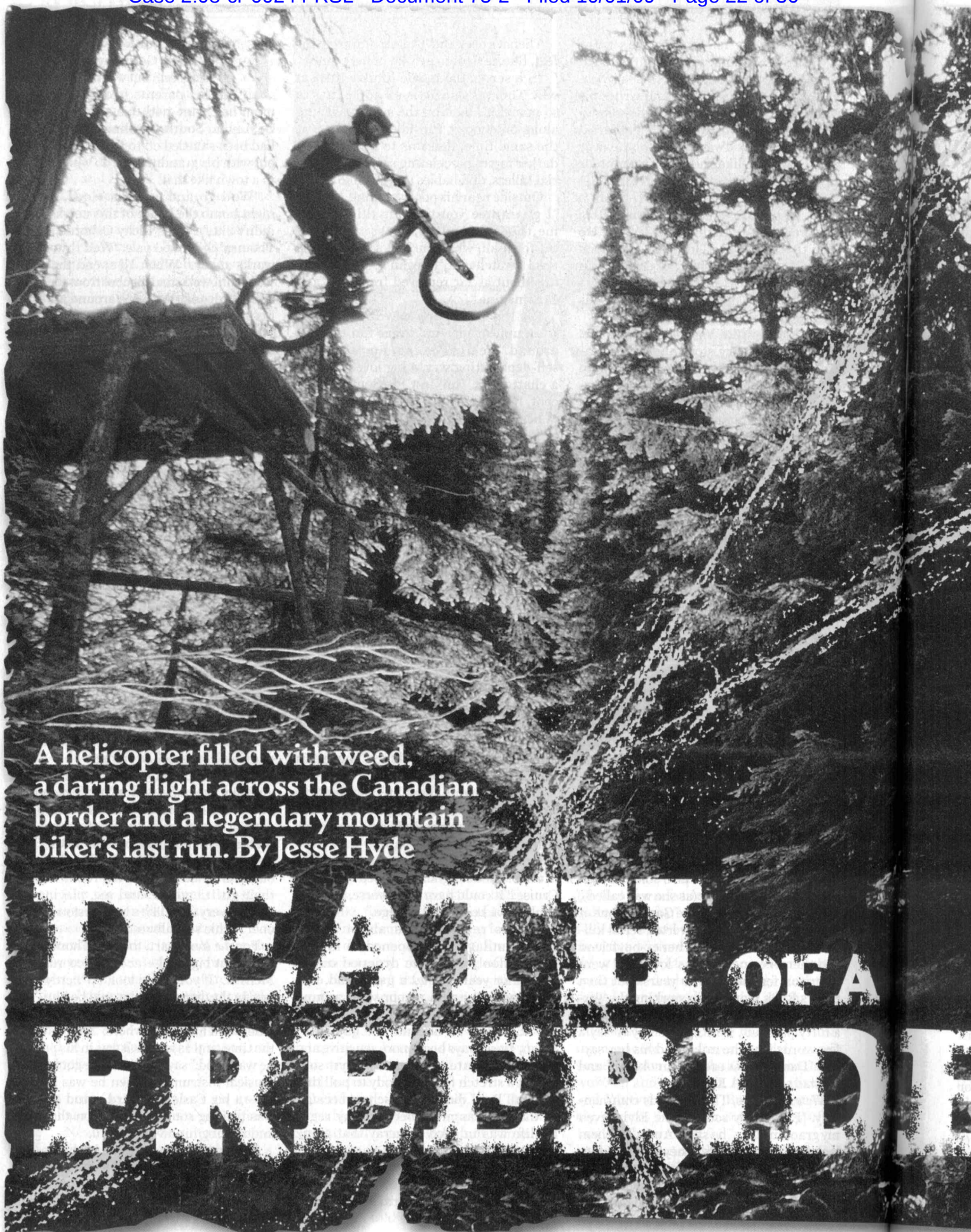
Issue 1084  
August 6, 2009 >> \$4.99  
rollingstone.com



## Michael Jackson's Final Days **HOPE AND RUIN**

**PLUS: HIS UNFINISHED LAST RECORDINGS**





A helicopter filled with weed,  
a daring flight across the Canadian  
border and a legendary mountain  
biker's last run. By Jesse Hyde

# DEATH OF A FREERIDE



ER

**THE THRILL SEEKER**  
Sam Brown riding one  
of the trails he built in  
the Selkirk Mountains  
of British Columbia

**S**AM BROWN TRUDGED THROUGH THE snow, tossing the hockey bag into the helicopter. He was dressed for the cold, in insulated hiking boots and a down parka, and his breath was coming in little puffs, visible in the cold air. If he didn't hurry, he'd be flying in the dark. ♦ It was late February in the remote interior of western Canada, not far from the U.S. border. Tonight, Brown would fly \$2.5 million of the world's finest marijuana, better known as B.C. Bud, to a national park near Spokane, Washington. There he would trade it with a Los Angeles-based cartel for a load of Mexican cocaine and fly back home. If all went according to plan, he'd end the night \$40,000 richer. ♦ He strapped himself into the helicopter, hit the red starter switch of the Bell 206 and sat back as the smell of jet fuel filled his lungs. He had always loved the smell, and everything else about

helicopters: the way the cabin shook before takeoff, the sound of the rotor blades whirring above him, the rush of excitement and dread that coursed through his body at moments like this. As he lifted off in the snow he took it all in, knowing that this could be his final run.

For the past two years, Brown had been smuggling dope across the border – but never alone, and never in conditions like this. Dark clouds hung low above the Selkirk Mountains, suggesting a storm was on its way. If it got too cold, or if it started to snow, his propeller could freeze up, sending the helicopter plummeting into the icy Columbia River.

The drug run was an insane risk, but Brown had been pushing the limits his

the world of extreme mountain biking, a hardcore freerider who would try just about anything. In the summer, he took helicopter rides to the top of mountains with no known trails and rode down at a tear, often without pads or a proper helmet. He launched his bike over churning rivers, clearing 20-foot gaps, and jumped over bulldozers. Videos of his exploits circulated on the Internet and underground DVDs. He could have been famous, but he had no interest in chasing sponsorships or playing the extreme-sports game. “He had the potential to be up there with the best in the world,” says Robbie Bourdon, a professional mountain biker. “He had no fear.”

In the back of the chopper were 426 pounds of weed – packed into a dozen

range to avoid detection. He knew that DEA and U.S. Customs patrolled the border, sometimes with Black Hawk helicopters, and he had sketched out a route that avoided the airstrips and dirt roads they used. Not that anyone would be out tonight: The snow was coming down in flurries and the fog was closing in.

As darkness fell, Brown's BlackBerry beeped. He punched in a response. “This is the captain,” he wrote. “I'm on a job and I'll be back tomorrow.”

Four days later, he was dead.

**S**AM BROWN CAME OF AGE IN the rugged interior of British Columbia, a wild and untamed expanse that can quickly turn deadly. Every year, in logging camps accessible only by helicopter, men are maimed, crippled and killed. Skiers on backcountry trails are swallowed whole by avalanches that roar down the slopes with little or no warning, snapping towering cedars in two.

The region is known as the Kootenays, a wilderness of glacier-fed lakes and snow-capped mountains that reach 11,000 feet. More than 400 miles northeast of Seattle, the area was once home to prosperous mining towns, but now it is mostly deserted. To drive through the Slocan Valley, where Brown spent much of his time, is to pass a string of postcard-perfect villages, built on lakeshores and riverbeds, with little discernible industry or source of income. An estimated four people per square mile live in the valley; some work in logging, others in tourism, but many of the 5,600 residents have taken to growing high-grade marijuana. The production of B.C. Bud is now an estimated \$7 billion-a-year industry, generating more revenues in the region than mining and oil combined. Every week, 17,000 pounds of marijuana cross into the United States from Canada, in rail cars and aluminum fishing boats, in crop-dusters and helicopters, on foot and in snowmobiles. Local growers – some of

## “Sam had the potential to be one of the best mo

whole life. Raised in almost primitive isolation, he had been on his own since the age of 13, living on the edge of the Canadian wilderness. People around Nelson, a town in British Columbia known as the weed capital of Canada, called him the Man From the Bush. He could start fires without a match, chop down 250-foot cedar trees and navigate the Columbia's most frightening rapids with ease. At age 24, with curly blond hair and a broad, freckled face, he was already a legend in

*This is writer JESSE HYDE's first story for RS. He lives in Salt Lake City.*

hockey bags – that likely belonged to the United Nations, a Vancouver gang that would hunt him down and kill him if he lost the load. But it wasn't just the danger that motivated Brown. He had taken the job at the last minute, despite the hazardous weather conditions, in part because he needed the money. His dad was living out of his workshop, his sister had trouble paying her bills and a woman he loved was in trouble with the feds. Tonight, Brown would take any risk necessary to help her.

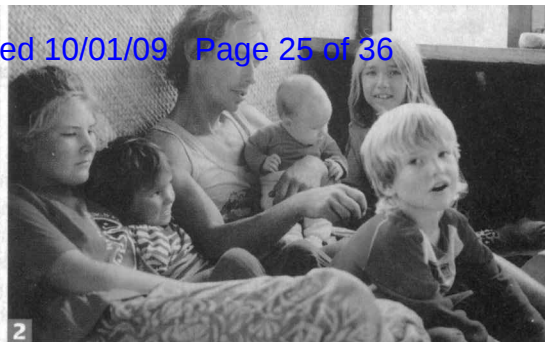
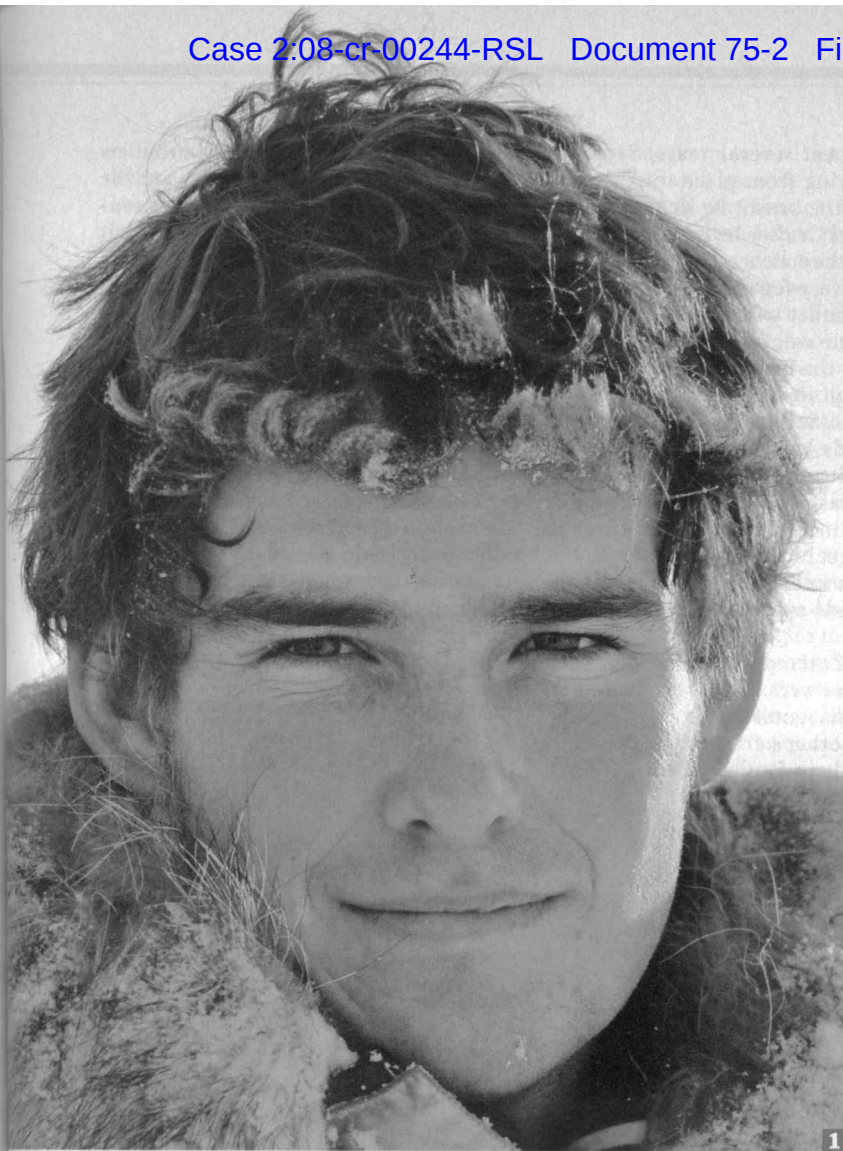
As the helicopter neared the American border, Brown flew low, hugging the tree-lined ridges and jagged cliffs of the Selkirk

whom have been in the business for three generations – sell the weed through independent brokers for gangs, like the Hells Angels or the United Nations. “If it's organized crime, it's not that organized,” says Donald Skogstad, a lawyer who has represented growers in the Kootenays for more than 20 years. “Everybody operates as freelancers. It's far more fractured and disjointed than you think.”

Brown did not come from a family of growers or smugglers. His grandfather was born in British Columbia, where he worked as a tree faller until a timber accident took his life when Sam's father, Lou,

PREVIOUS SPREAD: COURTESY OF THE BROWN FAMILY

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: KERTIS BROZA; COURTESY OF THE BROWN FAMILY; DOUG LEPAPE; COURTESY OF THE BROWN FAMILY



## The Wild Child

Sam Brown became a mythic figure in his hometown of Nelson, British Columbia – famous for his mountain-biking skills and his unusual upbringing. **(1)** Brown in March 2008. **(2)** The Brown family in New Zealand in 1991, when they lived off-grid, 50 miles from the nearest town. **(3)** The Disconstructed Wheel that Brown built cemented his status among freeriders. **(4)** As a boy, Sam had to fend for himself in B.C.

**est mountain bikers in the world,” says one pro.**

was two. In 1967, at the age of 18, Lou hopped on a plane to Europe, let his hair grow long and eventually ended up in New Zealand, where he became a commercial fisherman. A decade later he married Elizabeth Lindsay, a brown-haired, strikingly beautiful local who shared his hippie sensibilities, which included a preference for organically grown produce, a love of Bob Dylan and a belief that television would, in Lou's words, “rot your fucking brain.” They made their home in a place called Barn Bay, a secluded corner of New Zealand sandwiched between forest and ocean, where they raised Sam and his four sisters

in total isolation. Their nearest neighbors were 50 miles away. They had to generate their own electricity using windmills, grow their own vegetables and backpack in everything else they needed. “We decided to pull away from society and do it on our own,” Lou recalls.

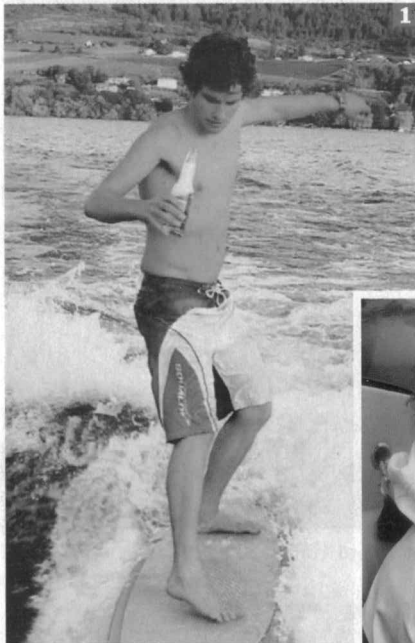
Sam and his sisters took correspondence courses and wore clothing their mother spun out of wool. They gathered firewood, learned how to make peanut butter and took day-and-a-half trips into town. Elizabeth taught the children how to recognize edible berries and plants. Left to their own devices, they became a

wild tribe in search of adventure. Jennifer, a year older than Sam, taught her siblings how to climb up into the dense jungle canopy 60 feet overhead, where they could swing from tree to tree on vines and clamber about like monkeys.

Sam had the exotic looks of his mother and the mathematical brain of his father. He loved trucks and motorcycles and the helicopters that often landed on a nearby airstrip, bringing hunters who came to the bush to shoot deer. Whenever Sam got the chance, he'd tag along with his father, sometimes sitting in his lap on helicopter rides. “He would go with me wherev-

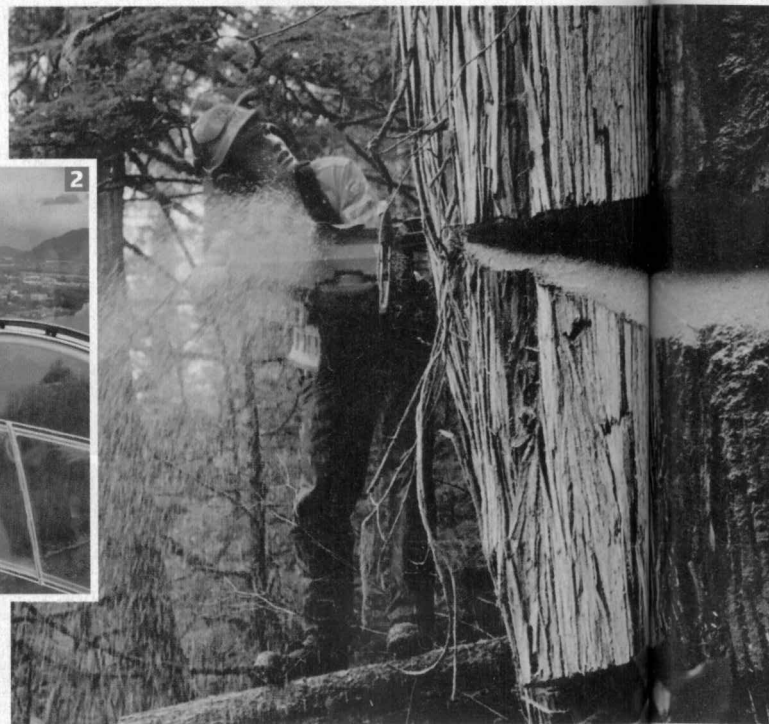
er," Lou recalls. "He'd sleep with me under bridges and in the rain and never complain. He'd wake up smiling."

In 1994, when Sam was nine, a severe recession had crippled New Zealand's fishing industry. The family sold their land in Barn Bay and bought a farm in the interior that turned out to be 426 acres of desert wasteland. Neither Lou nor Elizabeth were farmers, and nothing they did worked: The corn Lou planted died, the walnut trees Elizabeth tended bore few nuts. When Elizabeth joined a New Age religion that Lou considered a cult, the couple split up. Lou took Sam and his sis-



For the next several years, Sam was always moving from place to place. He camped in the brush; he slept in an old Toyota Land Cruiser he had fixed up; he crashed on the couches of friends. He saw his father every few months and had almost no contact with his mother, other than a phone call now and then. People saw him in the brush, barefoot, or running through the snowy valleys that cut through the Selkirk Mountains. Years later, friends would marvel at his ability to start campfires and catch rabbits with traps fashioned out of bicycle brake lines. He gained a reputation as someone who could get himself out of any jam. But beneath his knowing smile and his soft voice, friends say, Sam felt abandoned and alone.

"In New Zealand, all we had were each other — there were no outsiders," recalls Jennifer. "We were each other's friends and each other's family. So when we broke up, we all went a little haywire."



ter Jennifer to British Columbia, where they settled in the town of Blue River and lived out of a tepee that Lou built.

To Sam and his sister, Blue River, population 260, might as well have been New York City. "It was like taking kids out of the jungle and into town, like Crocodile Dundee," Lou says. "I remember telling them, 'You can't just piss in the street. You gotta wear shoes.' But they'd hide their shoes before school because they didn't want to wear them."

The split from his mother devastated Sam. And he didn't get to see much of his father, who was working all the time as a logger and a firefighter. "There wasn't really a family thing going on anymore," says Sam's sister Jennifer. "Dad was having a hard time trying to bring us up. We were all kind of rebelling." When Sam turned 13, he convinced his dad to let him move hundreds of miles away to a town called Kaslo and go to school there. Lou found a hostel popular with hikers, asked the owner to look out for the boy and told Sam he would check up on him every couple of months. From then on, Sam was on his own.

**A**FTER SAM entered high school, he moved in with a friend

in Nelson, an artsy hamlet built on a hillside on the shores of Kootenay Lake. In winter, the town looks like something out of a storybook, with its steep roads, glowing streetlamps and castlelike art museum restored to the glory of the 1880s silver-rush days, all dusted with snow. A magnet for granola and counterculture types ever since U.S. draft dodgers discovered it during the Vietnam War, Nelson is a laid-back place that has become a center of the booming pot culture in British Columbia, a sort of marijuana Shangri-La. While Sam lived there, the growers congregated at the recently shuttered Holy Smoke Culture Shop, a white clapboard head shop just off the main drag that served as a gathering place for potheads who flocked to Nelson from around the world to buy North America's most potent weed. The town had

also become a hub for freeriders, an outlaw group of extreme mountain bikers, and the two cultures often intersected. As a teenager, Sam tried growing a bit of weed, but he got thrown out by a family friend and decided to give it up. From then on, mountain biking became his primary focus.

He discovered the sport in the late 1990s, just as it was undergoing a dramatic change. In the same way that skateboarders a generation before had figured out a way to turn the concrete jungle of urban America into a personal playground, a new breed of mountain bikers were doing the same in the forests of the Pacific Northwest. Using chain saws, shovels and sledgehammers, they built intricate, roller-coaster-like trails out of scrap lumber and logs. The trails included ladder bridges that soared 12 feet off the ground, wooden

ramps that launched riders over riverbeds, and deep bowls dug out of the forest floor that functioned like half pipes. Park rangers fought back, tearing down trails that were often illegal because they carved destructive grooves into the otherwise pristine forest. As a result, their locations were spread by word of mouth.

Shortly after Sam started high school, his dad came down to visit him and realized that, instead of going to class, his son had been spending all his time building trails. Sam told his father that he wanted to be like Lou had been as a teenager: a free man, without expectations or responsibilities. Sam agreed to go back to school if his dad wanted him to. But he insisted on finishing the trail, working on it nights and weekends. He had a few new friends, but he was lonely, living away from his family.

"We were far apart and didn't see each other all the time, but we were still close," Lou recalls. "He said, 'I'll go back to school, Dad.' But he'd be up early, biking and building trails. That's all he wanted to do."

The trail, called Mr. Skinny, was way up in the brush, 10 miles out of town and accessible only by truck on backcountry roads. It included a series of thin rails a dozen feet off the ground that zigzagged between the forest trees. It also featured an element never before seen in extreme mountain biking. It was called the Disconstructed Wheel, and in the freeriding world, it made Sam famous.

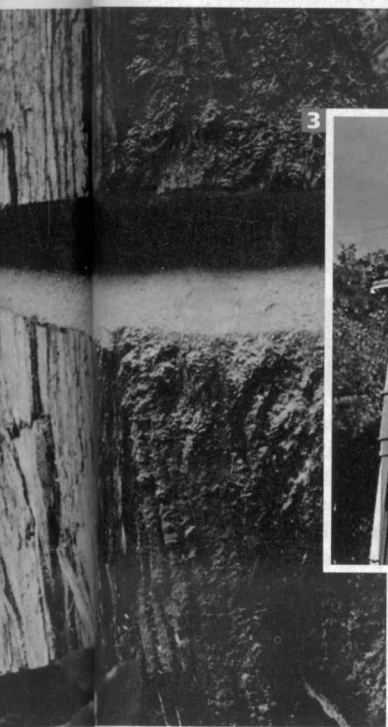
Sam built the wheel, which was 16 feet in diameter, over five months in a friend's backyard. When it was finished, he put the pieces in a pickup truck and carted it up to Mr. Skinny, where he hammered it together and attached it, 10 feet off the ground, to a narrow rail. The

Because Sam talked fast and often mumbled, and because his accent was part Kiwi and part Canuck, he was often hard to understand. But he was a natural at freeriding, and completely fearless. At age 16, he showed up at a local mountain-biking event called the Fat Tire Festival, with a skateboarding helmet and no pads, and beat all the pros. Another time he convinced a hang-gliding instructor to let him fly solo, even though he had never been hang-gliding in his life. Sam took off without a hitch and nailed the landing perfectly, as if he'd been doing it for years.

After *New World Disorder 3* came out, Sam started spending time at Westerlund's production office in downtown Nelson, a popular hangout for mountain bikers. Some of them, he soon learned, had found another form of adventure on the side. "Downhill skiers, snowboarders, mountain bikers – these are the guys who get off on the rush of running weed across

**A**FTER HIGH SCHOOL, BROWN kicked around Nelson, working as a logger and picking up odd jobs around town during the spring thawing season. Then, in September 2005, a woman 12 years his senior hired him to fix her basement. Her name was Julie, and she was a dark-haired, willowy beauty whom he affectionately referred to as Downtown Julie Brown. She had two boys and was everything Sam wasn't: urbane, political, sophisticated. Sam made an immediate impression on her. "He had this purity, this innocence about him," she recalls. "And he seemed really mature for his age."

Brown refinished Julie's basement, and six months later he returned and told her that he wanted to move in. There was nothing inappropriate about his request – he wanted to buy the house across the street, he explained, and it would be easier to fix it up if he could live in her base-



## Coming of Age in the Land of B.C. Bud

While raising himself in British Columbia, Sam Brown became the ultimate outdoorsman: (1) He surfed on Kalamalka Lake, (2) learned to fly a helicopter and (3) earned a living as a logger felling 250-foot trees. (4) In the town of Nelson, he discovered a way to combine his skills and moved on to B.C.'s \$7 billion-a-year industry: smuggling weed.

contraption functioned like a human-size hamster wheel for mountain bikers – the bike's motion set it spinning and propelled it forward. "It was almost impossible to ride," says Bourdon, the pro rider. "When you would ride into the wheel, your forward motion would stop – you would basically be standing still, pedaling. So it's all balance. And then when the wheel stops, your sudden traction grabs and it pulls you out. There were only two guys who could ever ride it, and one of them was Sam."

In 2002, the wheel was featured in a documentary called *New World Disorder 3*, which put extreme mountain biking on the map and made Sam, the youngest rider to appear in the film, a legend within the tightknit community. "He had a small part, but what he was doing was so unique that it stood out," says the film's producer, Derek Westerlund. "Even now, seven years later, people remember it."

the border on a snowmobile or on foot," says Skogstad, the Nelson lawyer who represents pot growers. "It's not some guy who sits around watching TV."

Sam enjoyed the wild tales the smugglers told about their crazy runs and narrow escapes, but he wasn't tempted to join them. He loved mountain biking and felt at home among his fellow freeriders. Then one day, when he was up in the mountains preparing to perform another stunt for a movie, Sam watched as a friend sustained a serious leg injury coming off a jump. The film crew had no first-aid experience, and Sam's friend lay in agony for more than an hour before he was carried off the slope.

"He realized that the filmmakers had no idea what to do," says Sam's sister Elinor. "They didn't really care about the riders. They were always pushing people to go bigger – whatever it took to get that shot – just using them. Sam figured, 'I'm going to risk my life doing something, there are other things I can do that pay a lot better.'"

ment, paying rent. Five months later, they were a couple.

For Brown, who had just turned 20, the next year and a half were the most grounded he would ever be. He took to Julie's children as if they were his own, bringing the youngest with him wherever he went, sometimes carrying him in a bucket around the house. "If we ever have kids," he would tell Julie, "I will never let them out of my sight." Julie was uncomfortable with their age difference and the looks she got in town, but whenever she complained Sam would grin and tell her, "Don't worry about it – we're made for each other."

He left for weeks at a time to remote logging camps on the coast of B.C. The money was good – as much as \$1,000 a day – but the living was hard. Brown slept in crammed trailers with men 20 years his senior, eating boiled vegetables and mashed potatoes. They worked through rain, snow and freezing temperatures. The job, which requires loggers to wield four-foot-long chain saws to fell 250-foot trees, is also extremely dangerous: It has a

higher fatality rate than any other job performed on land.

"He was one of the youngest guys there, and he couldn't believe how rough it was," Julie recalls. "It was 'fuck this' and 'fuck that.' He would come home and say to me, 'I can't believe how many times these guys can use the word 'fuck' in one sentence.'"

When he got home, though, he made up for lost time. He chopped down a tree in Julie's backyard and built her a deck. He played mock drinking games with her children, taking shots of vinegar until they were all laughing so hard nobody could keep anything down. "He told me he had just the right amount of roar and meow for me, and he was right," Julie says. "He was so strong, he could chop down a tree and tell me exactly where it was going to land, but he also had this soft, gentle side. I mean, he'd carry me into our bedroom. What man does that?"

In early 2006, Julie began putting her savings into a clothing store in downtown Nelson. Brown wanted something different, something like what he had left behind in New Zealand: to have kids of his own, to buy some property on the lake and work the land. Brown had no interest in what he called Julie's "fucking fashion bullshit," and the two started to grow apart. When

and often teased their father because he wouldn't try it.

While Martin presented himself as a legitimate businessman, it was widely known that he had been a drug smuggler. He had first come to the attention of the Drug Enforcement Administration in 1998, when a teenager carrying a hockey bag stuffed with marijuana was nabbed at the border and identified Martin, then 28, as his supplier. The DEA helped Canadian Mounties install a tracking device in a Martin family truck and tapped his phone. They watched as Martin and his crew loaded airplanes and helicopters with marijuana and followed his couriers as they traveled to landing sites on the U.S. side of the border. In two years, the DEA had enough evidence to identify Martin as the leader of a smuggling ring that was moving millions of dollars of weed. Martin was sentenced to two and a half years in prison.

Shortly after Brown met Martin, he began flying loads of pot across the border, making as much as \$40,000 a run. "We all knew about it," says one of his friends. "We just didn't ask much because we didn't want to know, and Sam pretty much kept it to himself."

Brown wasn't usually the type to flash around the money he made — Julie says he

him with his new friends, Brown pretended he didn't see the boy.

"You've changed," Julie told him over the phone. "You're not the same Sam."

His friends didn't know what to make of the new Sam. "No one really understood what the hell was going on," one recalls. "He didn't sleep anymore. It was like he was hopped up on speed, going crazy."

Brown started showing up in the middle of the night at his dad's place with friends Lou had never seen before. "They were into drugs and shit like that," Lou says. "They'd talk tough, and I wasn't sure why he'd taken them on as role models. I made a couple of comments about his changing nature: 'You know, whatever you're doing, just get out of it. You're losing your character. You're not being the Sammy I knew.'"

**I**N THE WINTER OF 2007, BROWN and a smuggling partner were flying above the Little Slokan River, an area thick with pot growers, when Brown looked behind them and saw a police helicopter on their tail. They had planned to land in a field near the river, pick up several hundred pounds of marijuana and refuel. But if they landed now, the Mounties would discover a stash house and several million dollars in weed.

## Asked why he took the last run, Brown sn. "It's

they finally split up that summer, Brown was devastated. "Every woman in my life has let me down," he later told a friend.

That summer, Brown started to hang out with a different crowd in Nelson. "You can't walk down the street here without running into somebody in the business," says Westerlund. "This town is built on weed." Brown's introduction to the business was slow and gradual: At first he grew some pot, then he ran it across the border, both on foot and on snowmobile. It was easy work. He picked up the product two miles from the border, and by the time he was back, falling snow had already covered his tracks.

Then, in 2007, Brown took a course to become certified as a heli-logger, plucking trees off slopes too steep for trucks and other heavy machinery to reach. It was during this time, his friends say, that he met a man named Colin Martin. Thirteen years older than Brown, Martin had a sturdy build, a quick smile and a love for adventure. Martin knew Brown from around town and often had him over at his house, where Brown built mountain-bike trails. Brown would take his bike up a ladder, ride down the roof of an outbuilding, pick up speed as he crossed Martin's yard and launch off a giant dirt jump he had created, clearing a bulldozer parked in the middle of the yard. Martin's kids loved it

owned only one pair of pants. But once he started smuggling drugs, the boy who grew up in the jungle suddenly discovered how to have a good time. He bought snowmobiles and snowboards, and took his mountain-biking buddies to places like Mexico and Fiji to surf. He splurged on expensive tequila and picked up \$1,500 tabs at sushi restaurants. In the summer, he spent much of his time wake-boarding on Kootenay Lake. During a competition in Kelowna, the boat was filled with half-naked girls, nothing but tape covering their nipples. Brown started partying late into the night in bars around Nelson. He'd call friends at 3 a.m. to sled near Trout Lake or hit the hot springs near Revelstoke.

"It was weird — he'd show up at these restaurants like he was a big shot, leaving hundred-dollar tips," Julie recalls. "And he started dressing all fancy."

Those who had known him for years were worried. In high school, Brown had been a health freak, snacking on dried kale and raw carrots during his long trips up to his dad's place in Blue River. He didn't mind the occasional can of pilsner or bottle of Corona, but most of his friends had never even seen him smoke weed. But now, girls who looked like strippers were popping up on his Facebook page, and there were rumors he was experimenting with drugs. Once, when one of Julie's sons saw

So they made what could have been a fatal move: They flew directly into the clouds, restricting their visibility to nothing until they had ditched the cops. But the maneuver cost them what little fuel they had left. Terrified, they brought the helicopter down as gently as possible into the brush, where it sustained significant damage to the rotor blades.

Such incidents were starting to get to Brown. Smoking a hookah late at night with his old mountain-biking buddies, he would talk about life as a smuggler, explaining how complex it was to fly a helicopter through bad weather — calculating the crosswinds, charting the peaks and valleys, evading the police Black Hawks that patrolled the border. What started out as an adventure had become a business, and it was taking its toll. He longed for the simpler days, when he and his friends took their mountain bikes to the top of the local ski run during the summer and went charging down the black-diamond trails.

By then, however, Brown had already popped up on the DEA's radar. In March 2008, according to a federal indictment released earlier this year, Brown helped load a helicopter with 200,000 Ecstasy pills, which were then delivered to Tukwila, Washington — part of a smuggling ring that was running as much as 300 kilograms of cocaine into Canada every week.

The woman who named Lucretia, a single mom about five feet tall with puffy lips and the last member of the Sinixt, showing her a natural cord to a frier. Brown appreciated roughing it, how he did: camping, hiking, even getting down for what. But while the tests, they came from James had grown up on a Reservation. She had problems and mentored the drug world they came. In western Canada, laid-back and sold the border, where James was influenced by American, which James loved. C. he listed rap, *The Fight Club* as favorite. James came up to me to time to visit him with the local tribe, or wila, Washington — part of a smuggling raffle at Thanksgiving that was running as much as 300 kilograms of cocaine into Canada every week, sometimes rac-



Brown in 2003 riding one of the trails he built, which helped put extreme mountain biking on the map

ni ed. "It's all about the adventure," he said.

The woman who picked up those pills was named Lucretia James.

A single mother of two, James stood about five feet six, with long dark hair, puffy lips and moon-shaped eyes. One of the last members of an Indian tribe known as the Sinixt, she loved the outdoors, giving her a natural kinship with Brown. According to a friend who knew them both, Brown appreciated how James didn't mind roughing it, how she loved the same things he did: camping, four-wheeling, snowmobiling, even getting stuck in the snow. "She was down for whatever," the friend says.

But while the two had similar interests, they came from different worlds. James had grown up on the Colville Indian Reservation. She had substance-abuse problems and mental-health issues. Even the drug world they inhabited wasn't the same: In western Canada the pot business is laid-back and seldom violent. Across the border, where James lived, it is heavily influenced by American gangster culture, which James loved. On her Facebook page she listed rap, *The Sopranos* and movies like *Fight Club* as favorites.

James came up to the Kootenays from time to time to visit her mother, an activist with the local tribe, occasionally running the raffle at Thanksgiving powwows. She would also hit the bars with Brown and his friends, sometimes racing their trucks on

the way home. Brown often visited her at the reservation after smuggling runs, staying with her for days at a time. He loved her two boys and told his friends that he wanted to do whatever he could to help James raise them and get on her feet.

Brown had no notion that the DEA was closing in on him. "Rules didn't apply," says a friend who helped Brown on smuggling runs and went dancing with him and James. "If the rules happened to catch up, which they didn't, we wouldn't have cared. We had a plan to bust each other out no matter what. We had gone over the plan many times - covered all the bases."

James insists that her dealings with Brown were strictly business. "Lucretia says Sam never gave her any money outside of a business transaction," says her attorney, Jon Zulauf. "She denies they ever had a relationship." But Brown's friends say differently. "He was in love with her," insists one. "They did runs together. Can you imagine the level of intimacy that builds up with something like that? You're putting your life in that person's hands."

On March 10th, 2008, James was pulled over heading north on a highway near Yolo, California. The arresting officer noticed that she was visibly nervous and hesitated before answering questions. He also noted a strong odor from an air freshener, an open map, two cellphones and a Black-

Berry. Searching the SUV, he found a duffel bag behind the front seat and several plastic grocery sacks in the cargo hatch, each stuffed with packages of cocaine - some bearing the insignia of a major drug cartel. In all, authorities say, James was transporting 74 kilos, with an estimated street value of \$5.6 million. She pleaded guilty to possessing and intending to deliver the drugs and received a sentence of 18 months.

Brown told his friends that he would do whatever he could to help James. He bought an expensive bottle of tequila and carried it with him in his truck. When she got out, he planned to celebrate with her.

A few weeks before Brown made his final smuggling run, he visited an old friend. It had been years since he'd been featured in a mountain-biking film or entered a competition, but he stopped by Derek Westerlund's film-production shop in Nelson and talked about plans he had for a new trail. It would include self-propelled elevators, like something out of *Donkey Kong*. Westerlund thought the idea was brilliant - there was no trail builder out there with Brown's creativity. Whenever Brown wanted back in, Westerlund told him, there was a place for him in the freeriding community.

"You could feel him reaching back, trying to return to where he [Cont. on 96]

ADVERTISEMENT

# ALL ACCESS

INTRODUCING THE NEW SAMSUNG JACK™,  
EXCLUSIVELY FROM AT&T.



With more speed and more power, it's packed with exciting features such as 3G/Wi-Fi and GPS for turn-by-turn directions. Access over 18,000 applications with Windows Mobile 6.1, and take your Jack abroad with World Phone capability.

Only from AT&T, the nation's fastest 3G network.

[att.com/samsungjack](http://att.com/samsungjack)



UNLEASH THE POWER OF LEATHER  
WITH AXE INSTINCT



## AXE INSTINCT

From cowboy boots on infamous outlaws to black leather jackets on rock 'n' roll legends, leather is an integral part of history.

Now AXE has captured the timeless allure of leather in a bold new fragrance, AXE Instinct, available in a deodorant bodyspray, shower gel, deodorant stick and anti-perspirant stick.

[rollingstone.com/axeinstinct](http://rollingstone.com/axeinstinct)

WIN THE ULTIMATE  
CORONA BEACH GETAWAY

## Corona Extra

Enter now for a chance to get away from it all, Corona-style: A three-night getaway for two to Pacific Beach, CA. Prize includes airfare for two to San Diego International Airport, three nights of lodging, two one-hour surf lessons, and \$500 in spending money.

Visit [rollingstone.com/corona](http://rollingstone.com/corona) for official rules and details.

No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Must be 21 years of age or older to enter.



ARE YOU READY TO PLAY?



## GIVENCHY

Experience the new men's fragrance by Givenchy.  
Choose your way to Play...

Play Eau de Toilette, a woody fresh scent.  
Play Eau de Toilette Intense, woody sensual scent.

Come Play with us at Givenchy Fragrance counter at Macy's King's Plaza, NY on August 8th at 2pm. Be the first to experience Play and enter to win an iPod Touch!

Available at Macy's and [Macs.com/play](http://Macs.com/play)

### FREERIDER

[Cont. from 65] was before, to a place of innocence," Westlund says.

Usually, before smuggling missions, Brown would say goodbye to his sisters and his father. But this time he didn't get in touch with anyone. He just loaded up the helicopter and left.

**T**WO DAYS LATER, LOU was working in his sawmill shop when a friend of Sam's showed up and asked if he had heard from Sam. Lou said he hadn't. The friend, a drug trafficker himself, was worried. It wasn't like Sam not to call, and considering the treacherous weather he had flown through, there was a strong possibility that he had wrapped himself around a tree or run into the side of a mountain. Lou had no idea where Sam was going, other than across the border, meaning he would have to search hundreds of miles of snow-covered mountains if he wanted to find his son. He had no choice, he realized, but to sit and wait.

It took three days to find out that Brown had been arrested. When he landed the helicopter in the Colville National Forest in Washington, DEA agents were waiting behind the trees for him. As Brown exited the helicopter that night, unloading the hockey bags full of pot into a waiting truck, the agents took him into custody. Two days earlier, it turned out, highway-patrol officers had pulled over two men near Salt Lake City. In the trunk of their car, officers discovered 83 kilos of cocaine. The two men, one from British Columbia and one from Las Vegas, told the cops they were headed to eastern Washington, where they were planning to trade it for a load of B.C. Bud, the load Brown was scheduled to deliver.

The DEA officers who arrested Brown were actually stunned that he had made the trip in such terrible weather conditions. "The helicopter came through the rain, fog and darkness," said Assistant U.S. Attorney Tom Rice. It

was a feat that even the most skilled pilot would be lucky to pull off. Brown, who was unarmed, was booked into the Spokane County Jail. When public defenders met with him the next day, he appeared in good spirits. When asked why he did the run, Brown shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "It's all about the adventure," he said.

In some ways, Lou was relieved: At least Sam hadn't crashed and died in the snowstorm. Friends started making plans to get Brown extradited. And if he did have to do a stint in a U.S. prison, they'd make sure he had everything he needed when he got out.

But four days after Brown's arrest, a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer showed up at the house of Sam's younger sister Elinor. Standing on the porch, a bare bulb illuminating her face, the officer delivered the news in a flat, professional tone. On February 27th, a guard in the Spokane County Jail checked Brown's cell at about 1:20 p.m. and saw something odd. A towel had been placed over the window of the door. When guards entered, they found Brown hanging by a bedsheet from a wall-mounted light fixture.

When Lou heard the news, he knew he had to keep his shit together; everyone around him would be falling apart over the coming days. He had lost his father to a logging accident and a brother to drowning, and he knew that the only way he could process his grief was by putting himself to work. And so there in his sawmill shop, he began building a coffin for his only son.

Friends came in and out of the shop to grieve, and as they did, each took turns on the coffin. Brown's younger sister Casey painted a picture of her brother's most famous trail on the lid, and someone else welded bicycle handlebars on the sides for the pallbearers. "It became this big communal thing," Lou recalls. "We had Sam's favorite music playing, we had pizza and beer, and for a day and a half we worked on this thing. People would see the coffin and start crying. They'd sand it and tell stories about Sammy." When the cof-

fin was finished, Lou put it in the back of his truck, covered it with a blue tarp and drove to Spokane to pick up his son.

Lou refuses to believe that Sam killed himself. His son would have left a note, he says, or at least made a point of saying goodbye. "Maybe he did it to protect one of us," his father says. "Maybe there was a threat. We'll never know."

But Spokane County officials say there's no evidence to support anything other than suicide. The light fixture from which Brown hanged himself was rounded and sloped downward, specifically to prevent suicides. Always able to figure out how things worked, Brown had jimmied it far enough from the wall so he could jam the bedsheet behind the base to hold his weight. "He seemed very committed," a jail spokesman said after the body was found.

Sitting in his jail cell, Brown must have known that someone had betrayed him. Maybe it was someone connected to Colin Martin. Brown had taken off in the helicopter from property owned by Martin's wife. Two days after Brown's arrest, Martin reported the helicopter stolen - a story that DEA agents immediately dismissed. (Sources close to the investigation believe that Brown was answering to Martin. Martin has denied any involvement.) Or maybe it was the woman he loved, Lucretia James, who was already in prison. "They could have told him it was me," says one of his friends. "They could have told him it was Lucretia. They would have told him anything to make him break."

Or maybe it was something else. Maybe Brown simply couldn't stand the thought of spending 10 years in a space as confined and stifling as a cellblock. "I've thought about that a lot," says Tyler Riddell, a friend. "Sam was a bush child. To him, prison would have felt like a living grave."

Looking back, some of Brown's friends and family realize that he was troubled, and that they had failed to see the warning signs. In the final weeks of his life, he donated all his clothing to a thrift store in Nelson, sold his

mountain bike to a friend and packed everything he owned into a shipping crate on his father's property. It was as if he was preparing to go away and never come back.

Ten days after Brown's arrest, the DEA nabbed another helicopter pilot trying to deliver weed to a drop point in northern Idaho. The pilot was not much older than Brown, and from the same area. He even worked for the same smuggling ring. At a press conference announcing the arrest, U.S. Attorney Jeffrey Sullivan was asked what he thought the bust had accomplished.

"We've stopped at least this group and crippled this part of the organization," Sullivan answered. "Will somebody take their place? Unfortunately, probably."

If Sam Brown had stayed in the mountains that he loved, there is no guarantee that he would be alive today. He might have been killed in a logging accident, like his grandfather. He might have died on his bike, performing some wild freeriding stunt that no one else would even attempt to pull off. He was the Man From the Bush, a guy who courted danger at every turn. Those who knew him are still struggling to come to grips with the loss of their friend - but in the wilderness of the Kootenays where Sam Brown made a name for himself, the pot business hasn't missed a beat.

"Every day weed crosses the border, and that's never going to stop," says one of Brown's closest friends. "Yeah, maybe Sam took it too far, but he shouldn't have had to die. He was just a kid chasing a thrill."

ROLLING STONE (ISSN 0035-791X) is published biweekly except for the first issue in July and at year's end, when two issues are combined and published as double issues, by Wenner Media LLC, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10104-0298. The entire contents of ROLLING STONE are copyright © 2009 by Rolling Stone LLC, and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission. All rights are reserved. Canadian Goods and Service Tax Registration No. R125041855. International Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 450553. The subscription price is \$39.96 for one year. The Canadian subscription price is \$52.00 for one year, including GST, payable in advance. Canadian Postmaster: Send address changes and returns to P.O. Box 63, Malton CFC, Mississauga, Ontario L4T 3B5. The foreign subscription price is \$80.00 for one year, payable in advance. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Canada Post publication agreement #40683192. Postmaster: Send address changes to ROLLING STONE Customer Service, P.O. Box 8243, Red Oak, IA 51591-1243.

**IF YOU REMEMBER WOODSTOCK ALL WEREN'T KIDNOLLS THERE**

**LUCKILY... THESE LEGENDARY ARTISTS WERE**

**JIMI HENDRIX**

**LIVE AT WOODSTOCK [2xCD OR 3xLP]**

**LIVE AT WOODSTOCK [2xDVD OR BLU-RAY]**

**Jimi Hendrix**

**Jimi Hendrix LIVE AT WOODSTOCK**

**THE WHO**

**TOMMY**

**THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION [2xCD]**

**JOE COCKER**

**THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION**

**RICHIE HAVENS**

**NOBODY LEFT TO CROWN**

**JOAN BAEZ**

**GREATEST HITS**

**CELEBRATING THEIR ONGOING LEGACIES**

Available At **BEST BUY**

AM RECORDS HPO RECORDS UME

UNIVERSAL MUSIC COMPANY

© 2009 Universal Music Enterprises, a Division of UMG Recordings, Inc.

# **ATTACHMENT 4**

**AFFIDAVIT**

STATE OF WASHINGTON               )  
                                                        )     SS  
COUNTY OF KING                   )

**I, Kasey K. Kanekoa, being first duly sworn, state as follows:**

1. I am Special Agent with the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), United States Department of Justice. I make this affidavit to set forth relevant facts of the DEA investigation of Lucretia James, Sam Lindsay-Brown and others.

## BACKGROUND INVESTIGATION

2. In 2008, posing as a high-level purchaser of 3,4 MDMA (ecstasy) and a large scale cocaine broker, I traveled to Los Angeles and met with Adam Serrano. To arrange the meeting, I negotiated with James Cameron who represented a Canadian-based ecstasy manufacture and distribution organization. Cameron described Serrano to me as the drug trafficking organization's member who managed ecstasy distribution and cocaine acquisition for them in Southern California.

3. During our meeting, Serrano explained that his organization purchased several hundred kilograms of cocaine each month in southern California which then was smuggled into Canada. We discussed costs, issues with bulk currency, and ultimately agreed to a first transaction of 200,000 ecstasy pills for \$400,000.00 in U.S. currency. Wayne Coates had the 200,000 ecstasy pills intended for me in his Tukwila motel room on March 6, 2008. Coates had received the pills from Lucretia James who delivered them to him at the motel. Coates was arrested on March 6, 2008. James was arrested in California driving northbound, on March 10, 2008 with 72 kilograms of cocaine.

4. Cameron, Serrano, Coates and James were charged in this federal indictment. Cameron and Serrano are fugitives and are in Canada. Coates and James entered guilty pleas in this District and have been sentenced by this Court.

1           5.       Operation Excellator was a large DEA investigation operated out of  
2 Southern California, focusing on the large Mexican cocaine suppliers who were  
3 importing thousands of kilograms of cocaine for shipment through the United States into  
4 Canada. I am familiar with parts of the investigation, specifically, I have learned through  
5 DEA reports and from DEA-LA agents that the 72 kilograms of cocaine Ms. James was  
6 driving north came from targets of their investigation.

7 ***2009 EVENTS***

8           6.       On February 21, 2009, Leonard Ferris and Ross Legge were arrested in  
9 Utah with 83 kilograms of cocaine, following a routine traffic stop. Following on  
10 information learned during the stop and the search of the car and its contents, we  
11 determined that the cocaine was destined to be picked up by helicopter in northwestern  
12 Washington State. We set up at the landing site and watched as a helicopter flew in.  
13 Samuel Lindsay-Brown was the pilot. We arrested and interviewed him. He admitted that  
14 he had flown into the United States from Canada, said the helicopter was owned or leased  
15 by a Calgary company called "Eagle Helicopters," admitted that he did not have any pilot  
16 certification, but claimed to have completed approximately 65 hours of flight time  
17 instruction.

18           7.       Lindsay-Brown said he wanted to cooperate with law enforcement but said  
19 that necessarily required releasing him immediately to fly the helicopter back to Canada.  
20 We declined to do so. He admitted he knew transporting marijuana from Canada was a  
21 violation of United States law, but said, "Morally, there's nothing wrong with what I'm  
22 doing. It's pot and that's it." He attempted to engage us in a debate about the merits of  
23 legalization/ criminalization of marijuana. We declined to engage and he was transported  
24 to the Spokane County jail.

25           8.       After Lindsay-Brown's arrest, we were able to continue negotiations to  
26 take delivery of another 20 kilograms of cocaine in Southern California, and able to  
27 arrange another helicopter delivery of 300 pounds of marijuana. On March 5, 2009,  
28 Jeremy Snow flew a second helicopter over the border into Northern Idaho, with

1 approximately half of the 300 pound load. He was arrested, has entered a guilty plea and  
2 is scheduled for sentencing.

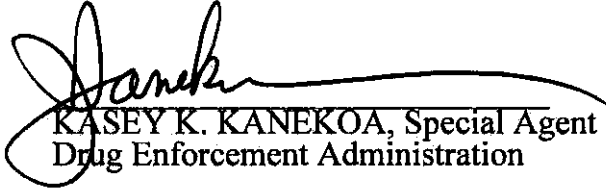
3 9. While we conducted this investigation, Canadian law enforcement was  
4 actively investigating the activities on their side of the border. Canadian authorities  
5 arrested people in Canada for their investigation, including Sean Doak, Adam Serrano,  
6 Colin Martin, Andrew Pelaquin and Joseph Patrick Curry. I have been told by Canadian  
7 law enforcement that Doak remains in custody on a parole violation but that the others  
8 have been released. Doak has a prior drug conviction.

9 10. Curry previously had been arrested in the Eastern District of Washington  
10 after flying in a float plane with 68 pounds of 98% pure MDMA on October 10, 2007.  
11 He was released on PreTrial Supervision and fled to Canada. He is a fugitive on that  
12 outstanding EDWA warrant. Six months later, on May 15, 2008, Curry was at the  
13 Canadian funeral of UN Gang associate Dwayne Meyers, who was shot and killed related  
14 to gang activity. Curry was photographed standing next to Clay Roueche and the  
15 photograph was submitted with the Government's Submission for Detention in *United*  
16 *States v. Roueche*, CR07-344, WDWA. Canadian law enforcement previously confirmed  
17 that 12 known patch members of Hells Angels attended the funeral.

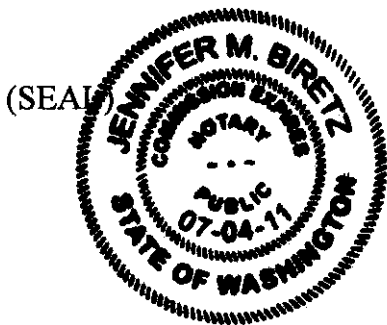
18 11. From law enforcement and from the media, I am familiar with the dozens of  
19 shootings and deaths which have occurred in Canada over the past two years and that they  
20 are believed to be drug-related. Two newspaper articles are attached which show some of  
21 more recent violence.

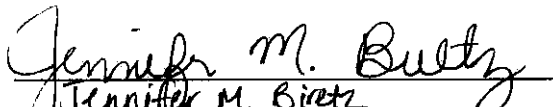
22 12. It appears that the group responsible for the March 2008 200,000 ecstasy  
23 pills and 72 kilograms of cocaine Ms. James and Mr. Coates had is the same group  
24 responsible for over 100 kilograms of cocaine and 550 pounds of marijuana seized in  
25 February and March 2009. It also appears that they, or some of them, have a working  
26 relationship with other longtime drug traffickers, such as Clay Roueche and Joseph  
27 Patrick Curry.  
28

1           13. I believe that unsealing these certain documents would seriously hinder our  
2 ongoing investigation and may identify and put some codefendants in danger.  
3

4  
5   
6 KASEY K. KANEKOA, Special Agent  
7 Drug Enforcement Administration  
8

9           SUBSCRIBED and SWORN to before me this 1<sup>st</sup> day of October, 2009,  
10 by Kasey K. Kanekoa.  
11



29  
30   
31 Jennifer M. Biretz  
32 Notary Public in and for the  
33 State of Washington, residing in Seattle, WA  
34 My Commission Expires on  
35 7/4/11  
36